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Chapter 1- The Reaping

Okay, firstly I'd like to let you know that I'm new to Wattpad and don't have as much knowledge on the Hunger Games as others have. I still love them and Warriors, though, that's why I decided to write a Warrior Cats Hunger Games book. I hope you enjoy!

(Ivypool's POV)

"Welcome, cats of all clans, to this years Hunger Games reaping!" Tigerstar yowled from the Dark Rock to the huge crowd of cats below. On his left side sat Darkstripe and Mapleshade, and on his right side sat Brokenstar and Hawkfrost.

Ivypool shivered at the sight of them and pressed closer to Dovewing's side. Her sister was also shaking in fear. They were sitting with their clan mates of ThunderClan, below the huge stone stage where the evil cats sat.

It had been two years since the Dark Forest cats took over the clans and defeated StarClan. Every year, twenty-four cats were put into a cruel arena, where they were to kill each other until only one survivor remained.

"Today we are going to pick the twenty-four contestants- six from each clan." The huge tabby went on. Then he nodded his large scarred head to Darkstripe. The dark cat stood up and spoke loudly for everyone to hear-

"Firstly, the toms from RiverClan... Mapleshade will draw out the names."

The evil she-cat Mapleshade stepped forward and dived her paw in the hole with the RiverClan sign on it.

"The toms are: Oakheart," the brown tom hung his head and leaped onto the stage, "Oatpaw," she paused as the groans faded, "and

Podkit." She sneered as yowls of protest and pity rang out.

"Enough!" Hawkfrost yowled. "Kits are allowed in the Hunger Games. No volunteers for Podkit?" His icy blue gaze raked the crowd. No-one had the nerve to step forward. The tiny, shivering kit was yanked up next to Oakheart by Mapleshade, where he lay, whimpering.

"Good. Carry on." Hawkfrost snarled.

"The she-cats for RiverClan are Leopardstar, Silverstream and Rainflower."

Three muscular she-cats sprang next to the toms and took a seat.

"Now, the toms from WindClan are..." Mapleshade pulled out two leaves with names carved into them. "Crowfeather, Onestar and Quickpaw."

A sleek, black cat sat down in the WindClan category, followed by a light brown tabby tom and a small brown apprentice. Quickpaw had no family, and no-one volunteered for him.

After waiting, and no volunteer stepped forward, Mapleshade carried on. "The WindClan she-cats are... Sunstrike, Sedgewhisker and Nightcloud."

"The ShadowClan toms are..." She pulled out the next leaves after they had all taken a seat. "Raggedstar, Crowfrost and Driftkit. Interesting." She grinned, showing off sharp yellow fangs. Shrieks of horror erupted from the clans, but no-one was brave enough to swap places with Driftkit. Sadly, the weak kit scrambled up next to the old leader and the black tom, hanging his head.

"The ShadowClan she-cats are... Dawnpelt, Russetfur and Ivytail."

She paused for a moment, waiting for the cats to settle.

"And finally, the toms of ThunderClan...

Lionblaze, Brackenfur and Ashfur."

Ivypool swallowed down a wail of sorrow. Her sisters mentor had been a food friend. Ashfur, on the other hand, she had never met but only heard bad rumours about him. Brackenfur was also a kind, loyal warrior. The golden, muscular tom settled down next to Ashfur and Brackenfur, twitching his tail awkwardly.

"And lastly, the she-cats of ThunderClan are... Snowfur, Cinderheart... and Ivypool!"

Ivypool's eyes widened as her name echoed through her head. Fear surged through her and clutched at her heart.

"Ivypool!" Tigerstar growled, "Get up here now!"

Struggling to keep herself from collapsing, Ivypool staggered to her feet and clumsily leapt up onto the stage. Her claws scraped the smooth stone, and she could feel all eyes burning on her silver tabby pelt as she sat down next to the white she-cat and the silver grey cat. She couldn't see Dovewing in the crowd, but she could imagine that her sister was just a horrified as she was.

"Well, contestants! Looks like there'll be an interesting competition this year!" Tigerstar called, his flaming yellow eyes locked on the twenty-four tributes. "Brokenstar, Hawkfrost, take them to the caves. Clans, return to your camp. The portal is over there, in the dark lake. Remember, when the Hunger Games start, you'll be able to watch on the water screen in the middle of the clans. Farewell." He stood up and padded away, leaving Mapleshade and Darkstripe to help the clans exit.

Ivypool felt a hard shove in her side.

"Get moving! If you're going to be this off focus, you'll be the first one dead!" A menacing voice sneered behind her. It was Hawkfrost. Ivypool shivered and obediently followed Brokenstar and the other cats.

"This is where you'll be sleeping. ThunderClan in here, the WindClan and ShadowClan next, and at the end RiverClan. Hawkfrost, lock them up." Brokenstar commanded, his fiery amber eyes glaring at the tributes. Not wanting to be made fun of again,

Ivypool let Hawkfrost push her, Snowfur, Cinderheart, Brackenfur, Lionblaze and Ashfur into a large, dark cave. Then he slammed the stone door shut, leaving only a mouse-sized gap to look out into the forest outside. Ivypool could hear the other cave doors banging shut, then ringing silence. She turned and looked around. Wet drops of water dripped from the cieling every now and then, echoing through the cave. The walls were smooth apart from a few jagged cracks, from which tufts of moss sprouted. The ground glistened with wetness, and a faint glow of outside seeped through a tiny gap far above them.

Lionblaze sighed, breaking the silence between them. "Well, looks like we're in a big mess..."

Ivypool stayed quiet, shifting her moist paws uncomfortably.

"We're going to die! I'm going to die!" Snowfur wailed, pacing up and down the cramped cave. Ashfur curled up, seeming calm compared to Snowfur.

"Shut up," he growled irritatedly, "firstly we need to get sleep."

Snowfur hissed, and cuffed her paw over his head with unsheathed claws.

Ashfur yowled, and sprang to his paws. Three claw marks were faintly visible on his muzzle.

Brackenfur and Cinderheart held back, watching two cats argue intensely.

"You stupid furball!" Ashfur spat angrily, arching his back. He lurched forward, preparing to slash at the white she-cat.

"No!" Lionblaze meowed, jumping on between them and shoving Ashfur against the wall.

"L-Lionblaze, you wouldn't want to hurt me! I thought we were going to team up!" The grey tom stuttered softly, cowered in the corner.

"That's what you think. I'm not teaming up with a well known

traitor- and almost a murderer. I'd rather team up with a cat I never knew than you. Not to mention Ivypool and Cinderheart- I've known them since they was born. And, of course, Brackenfur!" He nodded respectfully to the four cats. Ivypool almost felt flattered, but stopped herself as she remembered they were going to have to kill each other.

"You just made the wrong enemy, Lionblaze!" Ashfur hissed. Then he lay back down and closed his eyes. Lionblaze, Brackenfur, Cinderheart and Snowfur also curled up, so Ivypool gently lowered herself onto the wet floor, and wrapped her tail around her body. Then sleep swept over her and she fell into a deep, restless sleep.

"Get up! It's visiting time!" Hawkfrost yowled, bursting into the dark cave. Sunlight flooded in, blinding Ivypool. She looked up, blinking sleep from her eyes. Hawkfrost sighed.

"Lazy furballs." He muttered under his breath, almost so Ivypool couldn't hear him. "Groom yourselves, then meet the other tributes outside in the clearing. You can each have one visitor, then it's training time." With that, the brown tabby stalked off and left the four ThunderClan cats to groom themselves.

"Oh, Dovewing, I'm so scared!" Ivypool wailed. She felt panicky, even with the presence of her sister.

"I'm scared too, Ivypool. You've GOT to win! I wouldn't be able to live with myself if you don't!" The grey she-cat comforted her, but Ivypool could hear her voice trembling.

"Just... come back home safe!" Dovewing replied shakily.

"Visiting time is over!" Hawkfrost yowled across the clearing. "All clan visitors leave by the lake portal!"

"Goodbye, Ivypool! Good luck!" Dovewing called as she was led to the portal. Ivypool lifted her paw in a wave, grief flooding her. There was a huge possibility that she would never see her sister again.

That's my start... it might be a bit boring right now, but it gets

interesting! Also let me know if you notice any mistakes in there. Thanks, please keep reading, I'll update soon!

Chapter 2- The Demonstrating

Here's my second part- enjoy!

(Lionblaze's POV)

Lionblaze felt a mixture of nervousness and excitement as he was led into a large sunny clearing. There were three rocks spread out in the middle, and cats were gathered around.

"Right. Let's get started!" Tigerstar called to the gathering cats. "We will call you on one by one, and you have to tell us your strengths, then prove them. When your name is called, come down here into the underground cave. Got it?" He watched the tributes nod, then disappeared into the grassy hole.

Lionblaze immediately knew his strength was fighting. He knew his powers would be disabled in the arena, too, so he'd have to practice more. But he was still defiantly going for fighting.

One by one, he heard each of the cats names come up. The six ThunderClan cats were third; RiverClan was first, ShadowClan was second and WindClan was last.

"Lionblaze!" Finally Tigerstar's voice echoed from the den. He was last out of ThunderClan. He stood up and padded into the cave, blinking to adjust his eyes to the dim light. The Dark Forest cats were watching him closely from a lower rock. The ceiling was covered in moss and the floor was covered in thick vines. But at least it wasn't wet and slippery; so Lionblaze wouldn't slip.

He noticed a ragged chunk of wood, about the size of a large warrior. It had countless claw and teeth marks on it, plus chips in the wood were clearly visible. Lionblaze guessed this must be the fighting demonstrating dummy.

Glancing up at Tigerstar's nod, Lionblaze leapt onto the wooden dummy, and landed on its back. He clawed ferociously along its

spine, carving in deep scratches. He sprang off, and attacked from in front. He lunged out his paw, and raked across the dummy's muzzle. Wood splinters flew everywhere as Lionblaze kept shredding the chunky wood.

"Enough." Tigerstar called. "Your time is up. You may go back to your cave. Tomorrow is the day the interviews."

Panting, Lionblaze nodded and heading back to the cave. Maybe he could win this thing after all. But, he hadn't seen the other tributes' skills yet, so he didn't know what he was going up against.

The second night came fast and peacefully, but Lionblaze dreamt of a huge clearing.

The grassy clearing was covered in blood, and was filled with screeching, fighting cats. Claws and fangs were gleaming, fur was flying, blood was flowing and bodies were falling to the ground, never to get up again.

Lionblaze awoke with a shriek. He was sweating all over. The cave was pitch-black, so Lionblaze guessed it must be around moon-high. He took a deep breath, and tried to get back to sleep.

Sorry for the short entry! Please tell me what you think so far in the comments! (probably not) but thanks for reading.

Chapter 3- The Interviews

This is my third part. I hope you like! Please comment what you think (I don't think anyone will but it really would mean a lot)

(Snowfur's POV)

Snowfur was already awake and groomed when Ashfur, Brackenfur, Cinderheart and Ivypool woke up. She had been torn out of her sleep at dawns first light, by a terrifying dream. A huge, bloody clearing, filled with fighting cats and bodies. She shuddered, trying to forget about it. Ivypool was blinking sleep from her eyes and Ashfur was rasping his tongue along his chest, while Lionblaze's side rose and fell; he was still deep in sleep. Brackenfur and Cinderheart were, too, already up and grooming themselves.

Snowfur didn't know what to think of her clan mates. She'd never met any of them. Lionblaze seemed respectful and friendly. Ivypool was quiet, but fierce. And Ashfur was really just a stupid furball, she thought. Brackenfur seemed a little shy, but she respected him. Cinderheart was pretty, and muscular. She'd also noticed Lionblaze and Cinderheart exchanging knowing glances. Perhaps they were in love? Snowfur shrugged off the thought.

Like usual around this time of the morning, Hawkfrost burst into their cave, letting the bright early sun light up the dark walls. "Get up! It's time to meet your stylists for today's interviews!" He growled. With a slash of the tabby's claws, Lionblaze was awake, wide-eyed. "No time to be sleepy, get groomed and follow me!" Hawkfrost smirked. Lionblaze hissed softly, but obeyed.

"Hello, Snowfur, Cinderheart and Ivypool. I am Hollowflight, the ThunderClan she-cats stylist." The dark brown tabby tom introduced himself. Noticing Ivypool, he gave her a knowing wink. Ivypool looked away. Snowfur had heard about Ivypool spying in the Dark Forest for her clan.

"Who's first? You, Snowfur?" He asked. Snowfur nodded uncertainly, and followed Hollowflight into a hollow tree cave.

"Snow... water and petals- sounds good to me!" Hollowflight meowed, grabbing a handful of snow-white rose petals from a rose garden at the side.

"We're going to put these on you, Snowfur. Hold still."

Snowfur shivered as the cold, moist petals rested on her fur. Hollowflight adjusted it until they sat comfortably.

"Now, water. How about drops of dew in your fur? It'll go well with your white pelt." He pondered out loud. Snowfur stood still, not daring to make a sound or movement. The petals itched her shoulder, but she shrugged it off.

She almost gasped out loud as Hollowflight grabbed a wet leaf and let its dew flow onto her back. The icy liquid soaked into Snowfur's fur, forming droplets of glistening dew. The freezing water trickled down her side, but didn't drip down.

"It looks amazing, Snowfur! Here, look into the pool!" Hollowflight guided her towards a clear puddle of water. The old Dark Forest cat was right, she looked beautiful with the petals clinging to her body and the dew sparkling like frost in her snowy fur.

"Go outside and follow Mapleshade into the backstage cave," Hollowflight told her, "while I get your clan mates, Cinderheart and Ivypool ready."

Snowfur nodded and met Hawkfrost outside the tree.

Lionblaze had sandy-golden coloured feathers camouflaged into his pelt and his fur had been combed through with a nettle. Ashfur had ashes inside his grey fur. That was no surprise. Snowfur knew Snowtuft, the ThunderClan toms stylist, had a simple taste. Ivypool had ivy vines wrapped around her body. Cinderheart had silver dust in her grey pelt, like star powder. Brackenfur had messy clumps of mud stuck in his fur. Untidy, but fierce looking, Snowfur thought. The three clan mates nodded at each other after observing their

looks.

"Cats of the clans, we are all gathered her today for our tribute interviews!" Snowfur's ears pricked up as she heard Tigerstar's voice through the stone wall. The hole from the backstage cave to the interview stage had its view blocked out by long vines.

The clans cheered.

"We will start with Raggedstar of ShadowClan!"

The messy, ginger-brown furred tom pushed his way out onto the stage. Snowfur could see his pelt was made to look extra spiky with water.

The cats were called on stage an came back out quickly. Time flowed, and Snowfur had a good look at the looks.

Some cats had sand in their fur, feathers, petals, snow, water, leaves, mud and so on. Finally, Snowfur heard her name being called out. Her heart was pounding as she brushed past the vines. The bright light startled her at first and she almost stumbled. But she remembered her sister, Bluestar's, advice- act confident and strong. Snowfur held her head high and puffed up her chest. She swayed her tail back and forth swiftly. She could feel a warm breeze ruffle her fur. Snowfur sat down next to Tigerstar, the interviewer.

"I love your style, Snowfur. Petals and dew. It's perfect!" Tigerstar complimented. "Firstly, tell me, what is your most important reason that you want to win this years Hunger Games?"

"I, uh... For my family. My sister, and my friends. Also for the extra food for ThunderClan, of course." Snowfur replied.

"What was going through your mind when your name was called at the reaping?"

"I-I guess I was shocked. I couldn't believe it." Snowfur let her blue gaze drift through the crowd of cats. Thousands of wide eyes stared up at her, silent while they waited for her or Tigerstar to speak.

"What's your special skill that you're going to use in the Hunger Games?"

"I demonstrated survival skills, but I'm also a pretty good fighter." Snowfur nodded confidently.

"And, since we are running out of time, I have one last question," Tigerstar said, "do you think you have a secret lover in your rivals?" He grinned at Snowfur's surprised look. "Don't look so bewildered. It's happened a lot."

"I-I don't think so. I don't know. Really." Snowfur stammered, feeling the skin underneath her fur getting hot. She could feel the stares of all four clans on her. Could she really have a lover?

"Well, Snowfur, I hope you are ready for tomorrow morning. Good luck." Tigerstar winked.

Snowfur nodded quickly and hurried off stage. Fright clawed at her belly. Tomorrow morning was the start of the hunger games!

The next chapter is the start of the Hunger Games! I'm so excited! By the way, please tell me if you see mistakes!

Chapter 4- The Hunger Games Begin

Okay, so I'm finally up to the start of the Hunger Games! Here goes; enjoy!

(Ashfur's POV)

Ashfur clenched his jaw as he padded into the twenty-four separate caves that lead to the arena. He wasn't sure whether he should feel scared or excited. But he did know what he was going to do as soon as the games started. Go in for the kill. The more cats dead at the start, the easier for him.

Ashfur slipped into a small, dimly lit room. Inside sat a spiky-furred tom with a sour expression.

"Hello," he greeted, "I'm Thistleclaw."

Ashfur nodded hastily.

"First things first- the rules are simple: no running off until the start has been announced. There's an invisible border, if you attempt to cross it, you WILL die. Lastly, don't get into close friendships. Remember, they're all your enemies." Thistleclaw explained, keeping his yellow eyes calmly locked on Ashfur.

Ashfur gulped. This was it. Either he would die, or he would survive.

"Step on here, and when I pull this vine the rock will be tugged up into the arena. Remember, trying to run off before the Hunger Games have started will result in a painful death."

"Got it." The grey tom replied, stepping onto the light stone plate.

Before he knew it, he was up in the bright sunshine. He could see all the other tributes standing on the stones; none daring to move a

muscle.

In the centre of the clearing there were ten rocks, each holding a leaf package with supplies inside them.

Suddenly, an image began to form in the huge spider web in the middle. It was Tigerstar's face.

"Welcome to the Hunger Games, everyone!" He yowled. "Just a quick tip for you all: the leaf bags have twisted, thick grass loops, so you can slip them onto your neck. You're only allowed one leaf package. Also, may I inform you that in some there are attachable dog claws. Some of you may know Scourge, a cat who had them."

The tributes around him nodded solemnly, and a couple of agreeing yowls joined in.

"Now, time for one of my favourite parts! Announcing the start!" Tigerstar snarled. "Darkstripe, bring over Shrewpaw... Contestants, as soon as I kill this apprentice and you hear his shriek, the games have begun!"

Gasps of pity for the young apprentice were heard through the screen as it blurred and now showed a small, dark brown apprentice cowering on the ground. Above him stood Tigerstar, an evil grin plastered on his face. Shrewpaw's amber eyes were wide with fright as Tigerstar pinned him down.

"3... 2... 1..." The dark tabby slashed down his claw into Shrewpaw's throat. The little tom let out a bloodcurdling shriek, as his bright eyes clouded with death, blood spilling from his body. The screen flickered and went out with a small cackle of electricity before the tributes started lunging forward.

Ashfur leapt towards the middle, unsheathing his claws. Within a split second, Sedgewisker was on top of him, clawing at his back. Ashfur screeched and clamped his jaws into the blood-thirsty she-cats tail. She yowled in pain and lost her balance.

Ashfur pinned her down quickly. A boom of thunder rang in his ears. One of the tributes was already dead.

Ashfur was about to give Sedgewhisker a killing bite, when a flash of tortoiseshell barrelled into him. The breath was knocked out of his body as Ivytail dug her claws into his shoulder. Her paws were already bloody. The blood smelt like Podkit.

Suddenly, before Ashfur could do anything, Ivytail dropped dead on top of him, a thin trickle of blood coming out of her mouth as a loud boom filled the air. Confused at first, Ashfur heaved the dead she-cat off him, instantly coming face to face with Lionblaze. The golden tom gave a nod, and bolted off into the forest, a leaf package dangling from his neck. Ashfur scrambled to his paws. Only two leaf packages left. He grabbed one and slipped it over his head, glancing around him. Crowfeather and Sedgewhisker were wrestling in a ball of flying fur and high pitched screeches, while Onestar had just helped himself to the last leaf package. Ashfur gasped as the WindClan tom locked his threatening amber eyes on him. Ashfur turned tail and fled into the forest, his nose still filled with the stench of blood. He couldn't bear to watch the cats spirits leave their dead bodies.

He had hoped to have had his first kill by now. Maybe he should've gone for the kits or apprentices, like Ivytail did. Disappointed, Ashfur stopped to catch his breath. He sniffed the air. He couldn't smell anything besides the tang of wounds, the forest air and even some far-away prey. Onestar must've known better than to chase him, Ashfur thought, smirking.

Now what was he going to do? Find shelter and check his leaf package, of course. Perhaps he could climb a tree? No, wait, he'd need water too. But he wasn't thirsty...

Ashfur clawed his way up a large pine tree until he reached as high as sturdy branches grew. Then he settled on a thick branch, slipping off the leaf wrapped package. A vole, some borage leaves, and a sharp rock. Ashfur was annoyed that he hasn't gotten one with the dog claws. What could a sharp rock possibly be good for? Sighing, he shrugged, looking up at the evening sky. The golden streaks of sunlight had disappeared, showing dusk as grey as a doves feather. He wondered how Lionblaze, Brackenfur, Ivypool, Snowfur and Cinderheart were doing.

Ashfur finally decided to wait for the death announcements, then get some sleep.

The stars above Ashfur twinkled, and turned into a starry image. Ashfur looked up, seeing poor Podkit's face. Then Ivytail, Lionblaze's kill, and Sedgewhisker. Then the forest went silent again, and the pictures dissolved into normal night sky. Ashfur rested his head on his paws and fell into a quick, dreamless sleep.

Ashfur awoke face to face with Raggedstar. He scrambled to his paws.

"Me and Russetfur are here to team with you." He growled. Ashfur nodded, glimpsing the old ShadowClan deputy dipping her head at him.

"Okay." Ashfur replied.

Sorry about the end. I just wanted to squeeze in Ashfur teaming up with Raggedstar and Russetfur, and I was running out of space because the chapter was getting too long. Yeah, anyway- I hope you liked!

Chapter 5

(Cinderheart's POV)

Deaths: (3) Podkit, Ivytail, Sedgewhisker

Cinderheart woke with a start at the smell of fresh-kill. She got up and stretched, careful not to bang her head on the low hanging roof of the old badger den. Yesterday had been surprisingly easy. Although she didn't get a chance to grab a leaf package, she had no troubles fleeing unnoticed into the forest. She'd found an old underground den, and settled for the night. She felt relieved to see that no ThunderClan cats had died last night; although she did have a nagging feeling of pity for the tiny kit. But she was surprised that Driftkit, Quickpaw and Oatpaw had survived.

Cinderheart slipped out of the grassy opening, letting the smell of oak trees wash against the roof of her mouth. She smelt it again- the sweet smell of mouse drifting toward her. Ducking down into the long grass, Cinderheart crept closer until she spied a large mouse nibbling at a wheat corn.

It let out a startled squeak as the grey she-cats fangs sank into its neck.

She lowered her body and crept back down her den, soon hungrily devouring her kill. She wondered how her clan mates were doing. Lionblaze especially, and Ivypool. Ashfur could go die in a hole for all she cared. And Brackenfur and Snowfur... That was a different story. Right now, Cinderheart needed to focus on surviving. She would need water soon, and the evil Dark Forest cats had though the arena territory through fully- they didn't have many fresh water sources. Also, she knew that there was a liquid called Black Water. Only the sharpest of eyes could identify it; and it was deadly. If a cat touched it or drank from it, they could die within minutes.

Cinderheart padded back out into the clearing. Remembering her training, she headed downhill, where the appearance of water was

most likely.

Cinderheart was pushing through rattling reeds, when a distant growl of thunder made her ears prick. Another death. She prayed it wasn't from ThunderClan, and went on. She would find out who it was tonight, anyways.

Relief flooded through the grey she-cat as the gentle trickling of water made her realise how dry her mouth felt. Picking up speed, she slithered out of the reeds and stood at the edge of a deep, splashing stream, flowing over smooth, white pebbles.

Cinderheart's inside flipped as a familiar smell crept up her nose. It was only then she noticed the two RiverClan cats filling their bellies with water.

Pressing down a squeak of surprise, she pressed back into the reeds and crouched down as low as she could. Luckily, both cats were too busy to smell her, and she was downwind.

Cinderheart suddenly recognised the long-dead she-cat Rainflower, and the small tabby apprentice called Oatpaw.

They had obliviously teamed up.

All of a sudden, fear clutched her heart as Rainflower got up and sniffed the air. Cinderheart watched in horror as she narrowed her eyes in suspicion and sniffed again, more concentrated. Cinderheart's instinct told her to run, but terror had frozen her to the spot. Rainflower stepped over the stepping stones, and immediately had her furious eyes rested on her. The she-cat hissed, flinging herself into the reeds. Cinderheart ducked, and tumbled, off balance, into the river. Icy liquid soaked her to the skin, and her heavy pelt weighed her down. But she knew she had to get out of the water quick, because Rainflower was an experienced RiverClan fighter.

She scrambled to the shore, getting ready in case Oatpaw attempted to attack her. He didn't. He just stood there, watching Rainflower swiftly swing herself onto land, on the other side of the apprentice.

She snarled, and Cinderheart bared her teeth in reply.

"One cat out of us three must die now." Rainflower smirked. "Toms first, or, weakest first." To Cinderheart's surprise, the RiverClan she-cat leapt onto the horrified apprentice, pinning him down.

"Let me go, and I'll kill him for you." Rainflower locked her blue eyes on Cinderheart.

"I-" Cinderheart couldn't get the words out of her mouth. It was either her, or Oatpaw. Rainflower was much stronger than both of them.

"Looks like it's settled then," the she-cat sneered. Then she slashed her claw into Oatpaw's throat and kept it hooked in until a puddle of dark crimson blood pooled underneath the weak, broken young cat. Oatpaw gagged and choked, then went limp.

A rumbling boom right above them made Cinderheart jump.

Rainflower waited for the silence to settle, then leapt off Oatpaw's bloody body and fled into the trees.

Cinderheart was frozen to the spot in horror, still in shock. She backed away and flattened her ears as a transparent figure stood up from Oatpaw's body. It was his spirit! He stared at her for a moment, eyes glittering with sadness. Then he slowly began to disappear.

Cinderheart shook off the fright, and slowly made her way up the river, until she found a spot where the water wasn't red with blood. She let the sweet water trickle down her dried out throat in delight. Satisfied, she glanced up at the nearing night sky.

Time to find another shelter, she thought, soon glimpsing a hollow tree.

Taking the chance, Cinderheart curled up in the warm tree cave and watched the pale stars above begin to form a picture. It was Sunstrike, the beautiful WindClan she-cat, closely followed by Oatpaw. She had one last look of the innocent toms face before it faded, leaving Cinderheart to fall asleep, not knowing what

tomorrow might bring.

Chapter 6

(Brackenfur's POV)

Deaths: (5) Podkit, Ivytail, Sedgewhisker, Sunstrike, Oatpaw

Brackenfur followed his team-mates, Crowfrost and Quickpaw, through the tall weeds. Above them, scarlet began to fill the air like spilling blood. Sunrise was creeping across the sky, closely followed by the early morning sun.

Dew sparkled on the grassy stems, and the morning was crisp and chilly.

Although there was no breeze, the frosty, dewy air froze him down to the bone, and he shivered as a wet blade of grass brushed along his shoulder, soaking his ginger-brown tabby fur. The three different clan cats traveled in silence, their bodies rustling the long, wet weeds. Crowfrost had a leaf package wrapped around his neck. In it was a vole, catmint, and three stems of lavender. They had been disappointed at their chosen package. It didn't even have one single fighting piece of equipment!

"We have to find water. If we don't, we'll get weak and easy to kill!" Crowfrost broke the silence.

"Then we'll have to travel downhill. Then we'll surely find water." Quickpaw said, as if reading Brackenfur's mind.

"Look! A stream!" Quickpaw called, scampering towards a fast flowing river.

But Brackenfur suddenly stopped dead in his tracks as the scent of blood and death made his muscles tense.

Quickpaw's shriek made him race down to the apprentice's side. He gasped.

A bloody, broken body lay close to the river bank, his fur ruffled.

His glassy eyes were almost white with death, and a swarm of flies buzzed around his body, nibbled off his split flesh.

"It's Oatpaw!" Crowfrost finally said. "Poor cat. He was so young!"

Quickpaw and Brackenfur nodded sadly. Blood was flowing from a gash in his throat, spilling into the water, turning it blood-red.

"We can't drink here. The water's full of blood!" Crowfrost meowed.

Brackenfur tried to ignore him, tasting the air. "I know who killed Oatpaw. It was either Rainflower... or Cinderheart." Brackenfur pictured Cinderheart, blood on her claws. It couldn't have been the sweet, grey cat he'd known for so long! There were no other bodies, so both cats must be still alive.

A thought struck him. *What if they'd teamed up? And killed Oatpaw? Maybe Rainflower had killed Oatpaw, and Cinderheart was helping her!*

"Brackenfur? Are you okay? We need to travel further up the stream to drink." Quickpaw's voice pulled him out of his thoughts. He nodded, and followed his teammates up the hill, in the opposite direction of Cinderheart's scent.

After the three cats drank, Crowfrost pricked up his ears.

"I can smell enemies! From ShadowClan! It's... Raggedstar and Russetfur! And a ThunderClan cat!"

Brackenfur lifted his head and tasted the air. Crowfrost was right. And the ThunderClan cat was Ashfur!

Before the three cats could exchange another word, they were attacked from behind. Russetfur flung herself onto Brackenfur, clawing at his shoulder. She had a pair of dog claws! Brackenfur screeched, and tumbled down the hill in a writhing ball of spitting fangs and flying fur. The ginger she-cat scrambled to her paws and hissed menacingly. Before she could make her next move, a bang of thunder shook the earth. Brackenfur's eyes widened. But he didn't try and identify who it was; Russetfur leapt into him and pinned him down, while another thunderous rumble echoed through the forest.

No! Brackenfur thought, *I will NOT die like this; at the dog claws of a mangy ShadowClan furball!* He kicked at Russetfur's belly, flinging her into the reeds. They rattled and shook, then everything was silent. Until Russetfur exploded from the reeds, knocking down the ginger-brown tom. Pain shot through his body, as the old ShadowClan deputy sank her fangs into his neck.

The last thing Brackenfur heard while he was alive was a final, loud rumble, before everything went black.

Brackenfur stood up, shaking dirt from his fur. Russetfur had turned tail and fled. Confused, he looked down at his paws. They were transparent! He gasped and stepped back in shock. No! He thought, seeing his body. I'm dead! Brackenfur gulped as he felt himself fading to nothingness.

Chapter 7

Thanks for 10 reads and 3 votes so far! <3

Edit: (25/8/16) omg haha ^

(Ivypool's POV)

Deaths: (9) Podkit, Ivytail, Sedgewhisker, Sunstrike, Oatpaw, Raggedstar, Crowfrost, Brackenfur, Quickpaw.

Ivypool shuddered as the ring of the last thunder faded from her ears. Four deaths in less than two minutes, she thought, horrified.

Ivypool had made shelter in a narrow cave underneath a gnarled root. Her leaf package included horsetail, two sparrows, and a smaller leaf-package with some water. This satisfied Ivypool, even though her skill was fighting. She had been very careful since the Hunger Games had begun, and she hadn't had any trouble with enemy cats so far. She wondered which cats were dead, and she knew she would soon find out, because the sky was already very dark, and a few, dull stars hung in the night sky. It wouldn't be long now until the deaths were displayed in the stars.

And she was right- a couple of minutes later, the face of Raggedstar appeared in the stars, followed by the cat called Crowfrost. Ivypool's heart stopped for a second as Brackenfur's face began to form. Grief seemed to cloud her mind; she could think of nothing but poor Brackenfur, his body lying motionless and bloody somewhere out there. The last face was slowly disappearing, so Ivypool squinted to make out Quickpaw's face before the sky turned normal again. Ivypool crept into her shelter, and fell asleep before she could make sure she was safe.

"Ivypool! Ivypool! You've got to get out!" A familiar voice tore Ivypool out of her meaningless dream. A strange smelled filled her nose, and the den was feeling unusually hot. A cough snapped her out of her sleepy trance. Snowfur was standing above her, her

snowy white fur smudged with soot. *Wait... soot?* Ivypool leapt to her paws. Fiery yellow flames licked at the earthy walls, crackling dangerously as the dry, poking out roots began to turn black, and curl.

"Here! Get out!" Snowfur screeched, tugging the shocked she-cat out into the cold forest. Ivypool's eyes watered as dry, thick smoke blinded her and she was forced to inhale it into her lungs. A sharp, rasping cough escaped her lips as she felt herself being dragged further from her burning den. Her chest was heaving and her eyes were burning. Then everything went black.

Ivypool panted, sitting up. The image of flickering, crackling flames was still vivid in her mind. Her vision was slightly blurred, and she staggered around clumsily before giving up and sitting down.

Had it been a dream? No. Snowfur's scent still lingered in the air, her fur was covered in soot, and she was under a bramble bush instead of her den.

Ivypool guessed Snowfur had went to get water and, with any luck, honey for their sore throats, leaving Ivypool out in the thick bramble bush.

It wasn't long before Snowfur returned, her white pelt clean and free of ashes. She was carrying a ball of water-soaked moss, which she dropped in front if Ivypool.

"You're awake." Snowfur's blue eyes were locked on her while she thirstily licked at the wet moss. Then she looked up and nodded, letting her clan mate have the rest of the water.

"How did you find me?" Ivypool asked.

"Well, firstly I started to smell smoke. Then I saw an orange light coming from your den and thought, hang on, that can't be right. So I struggled to find my in, just to finding you sleeping on the ground." Snowfur replied.

Ivypool nodded. "Where's my stuff?" She asked.

"I couldn't find it. I guess it all burned."

Sadly, Ivypool nodded at this news. She'd lost all her supplies, and Snowfur didn't look like she had gone for the leaf packages. They had nothing at all.

"I think we should go look for Lionblaze or Brackenfur. Not Ashfur, though." Snowfur broke the silence.

"You... didn't watch the deaths last night?" Ivypool asked.

"No... why?"

Ivypool hesitated. "Brackenfur is dead."

Snowfur gasped. "Oh no! That's terrible!" She hung her head as both cats sat in silence.

The awkward pause was all of a sudden interrupted by a loud boom. Snowfur looked up. Ivypool jumped.

"That... Sounded really close! It sounds like its coming from the opposite direction I went! Lets go!" She meowed. Then she ran off, Ivypool close behind.

"No! Nightcloud!" Driftkit wailed. He was bending over a lifeless body that belonged to Nightcloud. The she-cats spirit had obliviously already left, because her body was filled with the stench of death.

"What happened?" Ivypool and snowfur asked, almost together.

"N-Nightcloud just d-drank from this w-water! I told her it looked s-strange, but she wouldn't l-listen! Now she's dead!" The little kit wailed. Ivypool padded over to the edge of the lake, and sniffed the water. The putrid, oily smell seemed to choke her. She backed away, gagging. Snowfur stared at her, surprised.

"It's Black Water!" Ivypool gasped. "Nightcloud drank Black Water!"

"No!" Snowfur shrieked, sounding devestated.

"I don't want to live anymore! I wish I could just die!" Driftkit wailed, tears silently trickled down his cheeks.

"No, Driftkit, don't!" Snowfur and Ivypool screeched as the young kit threw himself into the dark water without warning, disappearing in it's dark depths forever.

Ivypool collapsed in sorrow, trying not to wail in pain as Driftkit's death was announced by a thundering explosion just above their heads. Snowfur hung her head, grieving for the little innocent kit, never to live again.

She had learned a lesson- if you drink from Black Water, you'll die. If your whole body gets covered in it, you die. There was no way she wanted to find out what would happen if you just touched it. She shuddered, following Snowfur back into the forest.

Hope you enjoyed! I'm keeping the updates going fast because I've already written down my whole story and completed it. Now all I'm doing is publishing a chapter every now and then. Tell me if you saw any mistakes!

Chapter 8

(Lionblaze's POV)

Deaths: (11) Podkit, Ivytail, Sedgewhisker, Sunstrike, Oatpaw, Raggedstar, Crowfrost, Brackenfur, Quickpaw, Nightcloud, Driftkit

Lionblaze lifted his head, breathing in the smell of sand and dead bushes. He was in the pit of a dried out river, in which he had fallen in. He leapt up, hooking his claws onto the sandy edge and tried to pull himself up. The dry sand crumbled beneath his paws, and clumps of sand tumbled down, echoing below him. But Lionblaze finally managed to heave himself out, landing in a panting mess in the grass.

He had set off to travel early in the morning after last nights sleep. Now he had found himself here.

Wanting to just fall asleep, he rolled over and looked at his surroundings from ground view. Bushes were crowded around him. His breath was loud, and he could hear his blood pounding in his ears.

Suddenly, a loud rumble filled the air. Another tribute dead. He shuddered.

A familiar scent lifted Lionblaze's spirits. His neck fur bristled as suddenly, a flash of silver-grey was on top of him, purring.

"Cinderheart! I'm so glad to see you!" He called joyfully as the pretty she-cat jumped off him, letting him scramble to his paws.

"Hi! I've missed you so much! And I was really worried about you! Isn't it terrible that Brackenfur is dead?" Cinderheart greeted him.

"Yes. It should have been Ashfur!" Lionblaze grunted in reply. Cinderheart nodded enthusiastically.

They both jumped a mile as a fuzz of electricity buzzed in the dark

night sky, and a picture of Tigerstar appeared.

"Well, well, well, my contestants!" He snared, grinning his evil grin. "I have come because there are now twelve deaths. Twelve are dead, and twelve have survived till the hardest bit of this years Hunger Games. We will now try to make things. harder for you!" Tigerstar yowled, his voice cutting through the forest. "Those of you who are left are: Ivypool, Ashfur, Lionblaze, Snowfur, Cinderheart, Crowfeather, Rainflower, Onestar, Oakheart, Silverstream, Dawnpelt, and Russetfur. Congratulations!" He paused shortly. "Remember, we are always watching you!" He finished. And with that, the image flickered, and went out. Cinderheart and Lionblaze turned and stared at each other.

"What did he mean, 'things will get harder'?" Cinderheart asked, puzzled.

"I don't know. And I don't want to know right now." Lionblaze shivered. "For now, we should find shelter and get some sleep." He suggested. She nodded, and they didn't need to walk far until they found an old fox den.

But before they could do anything, a fierce she-cat leapt onto Lionblaze from out of the shadows! Cinderheart screeched in alarm, trying to help fight the blue-grey RiverClan cat. It was Rainflower! The cat who had let Cinderheart escape in return of Oatpaw's life. Rainflower was cruel and violent, but fair.

"Lionblaze, stop!" She shouted at the two wrestling cats. The muscular golden tom had Rainflower pinned down firmly.

"Why?" He growled. "She's a mangy flea pelt!"

"But... she let me live! In exchange for Oatpaw's life!" Cinderheart yowled, glued to the spot. Lionblaze didn't move, instead rested his steady amber-yellow gaze on the grey she-cat.

"It's either her or me, Cinderheart. One of us has to die. Who's it going to be?" He asked.

"I-I-" Rainflower broke off Cinderheart's stutter.

"Please, Cinderheart! I spared your life!" She wailed.

"No. You killed poor Oatpaw, and I would never choose your life over Lionblaze's." Cinderheart meowed confidently. Lionblaze nodded and turned back to the the pleading she-cat. He closed his eyes, and raked his claws over her throat. Within seconds, Rainflower lay limp and thunder rumbled above them. Rainflower's spirit slowly got to her paws, blood dripping from her neck. She glared angrily at Cinderheart, then faded until she was gone.

Cinderheart stood still, shaking, as Lionblaze got off Rainflower's dead body and dipped his head toward Cinderheart. She breathed in shakily.

Cinderheart and Lionblaze's eyes were fixed on the stars, which moved, like every night, to show the faces of dead cats. Tonight, it only showed Rainflower's face.

The two ThunderClan cats curled up and quickly fell asleep.

Yo guys comment which cat you're going for I'm interested!!

Chapter 9

Deaths: (13) Podkit, Ivytail, Sedgewhisker, Sunstrike, Oatpaw, Raggedstar, Crowfrost, Brackenfur, Quickpaw, Nightcloud, Driftkit, Leopardstar, Rainflower.

(Snowfur's POV)

Snowfur stood up and stretched, greeting the warm morning sun. She had watched Tigerstar's appearance with Ivypool last night, thinking nothing could be worse than cats trying to murder you cold-bloodedly.

She turned to Ivypool. The silver, grey and white tabby was still asleep, her steady breath gently stirring up dust on the ground.

The two she-cats had spent the hot night in a bramble bush. They hadn't experienced any dangers so far. That was, until midday...

"We need to hunt! I'm starving, and since all our supplies burned, we have to restock otherwise we'll be weak." Ivypool suggested as the two she-cats traveled through a bright, sun-lit forest. The sun had risen high into the sky, sending its harsh, scorching rays down on the cats. Snowfur's white pelt pelt as if it were on fire, and her to fur felt like dried grass. She nodded, licking her dry, cracked lips. The horizon flickered with heat, and there was no sign of fresh water.

Suddenly, Snowfur lifted her head. A smell that made her neck fur rise. Russetfur and Ashfur! She knew the traitor hated her, and wouldn't hesitate to kill her on the spot. Ivypool had obviously noticed too, because she flashed Snowfur a startled look.

Both ThunderClan cats unsheathed their claws and tensed their muscles. Sure enough, Snowfur soon had the air knocked out of her as a flash of russet bowled into her.

Russetfur's needle sharp dog claws sliced into Snowfur's soft skin,

quickly drawing blood. Snowfur screeched, and threw herself angrily onto the ginger enemy, causing Russetfur to lose her balance. She toppled over, landing with a clumsy thud on her side. Snowfur grabbed the chance and pinned her down. Russetfur squirmed under her grip, but she held in tight. Knowing that she didn't have much time before Russetfur regained strength, she tried to look away from her pleading eyes and sank her fangs into her neck. A shudder ran through Snowfur's spine as she heard a sick crack and Russetfur went limp. Her neck was twisted in a strange angle, and blood was trickling out of the bite wound. A thunder boomed above her.

Russetfur was dead. The she-cats spirit got to her paws, dipping her head to Snowfur before disappear to nothingness forever.

"No! Russetfur!" Ashfur yowled. He shook off Ivypool and spun around to lock his blazing, furious eyes onto Snowfur. "You!" He hissed. With a ferocious yowl, he leapt onto the white she-cat. Ivypool's blue eyes widened. Her foot was twisted, wrenched underneath a root. She was stuck! Ivypool was frozen in shock as streaks of stinging, burning pain vibrated through Snowfur. Ashfur had pinned her down, tearing at her belly with thorn sharp claws. Snowfur yowled, and tried to kick him off with her back legs, but she could feel weakness wash over her. She felt her body slowly grow limper as Ashfur kept clawing at her stomach, opening large, bloody wounds.

"No, Snowfur! Fight back!" Ivypool screeched, but Snowfur knew she was just a few mouse-lengths away from death.

Blood pumped loudly in her ears, and her heart beat slower. Then everything went black as a thunderous boom farewelled her consciousness.

She tried to block out the vision of her see-through paws, feeling her spirit flicker and disappear.

Snowfur got to her paws. She looked around. She was in a dark forest, thick pine trees surrounding a small clearing. It was night, but there were no stars- instead thick grey clouds blocked out a pale full moon.

"Snowfur? Snowfur!"

Snowfur jumped a mile at a familiar, deep voice. Brackenfur padded towards her. His eyes were dark and clouded. He had bleeding scratches all over his body, and a large, gaping bite mark was visible in his neck.

"Brackenfur! B-but you're d-dead!"

Brackenfur nodded sadly. "Yes. Russetfur killed me."

"But why are you here? You're DEAD!"

"So are you." Brackenfur tried to force a purr, but pain glittered in his dull eyes. "This is where all the dead cats go. Russetfur, Raggedstar, Rainflower... And all the others."

"What?!" Tears welled up in her eyes. She was dead.

Brackenfur nodded again. "You killed Russetfur. Thank you."

"Is this like another dimension?" Snowfur's voice was edged with panic. "What is Tigerstar going to do to us?"

"I don't know. There's a lake over here. It's where we watch all the cats that are alive. Yes, we've been watching you, Snowfur. Come," Brackenfur led her to a group of cats crowding around a deep puddle. It was like a screen. Snowfur recognised Podkit, Driftkit, Quickpaw, Oatpaw, Crowfrost, and all the other dead cats.

"Ivypool! How is she?" Snowfur rushed forward, pushing through the tight circle of cats.

Ashfur was circling Ivypool, who still had her leg trapped underneath a branch. He was saying something, something that Snowfur couldn't understand. To her surprise, Ashfur grasped the branch in his jaws and tugged it up, heaving it off Ivypool. Ivypool staggered to her paws, dipping her head to the dark grey tom.

"I-I don't understand! They're not fighting! It's like they're TEAMED!" Snowfur howled. "Ivypool is a traitor!" She watched as Ivypool turned to Russetfur's body. And... Snowfur's battered body.

Her white fur was ragged, stained with blood.

"There I am," Snpwfur breathed in disbelief as Ivypool murmured something that she, again, couldn't hear. Ashfur replied something, then turned tail and jogged off. Ivypool called out to him, and he turned back to face her. He said something else, then sprinted off into the thick woods, leaving Ivypool on her own.

Snowfur couldn't stand to keep watching. She swung around and stalked back to Brackenfur.

"I saw what happened. I'm sorry." He dipped his head.

"It's fine. I would've never had a chance of surviving anyway." She looked away sadly.

"Don't say that! You had a better chance than me." Brackenfur nuzzled her comfortably.

Snowfur purred and rubbed against Brackenfur. He may be from a completely different time than her, but she felt safe when she was around him. He was the only friend she had now since Ivypool had betrayed her.

Unedited so far. Please tell me if you see mistakes!

Chapter 10

(Ashfur's POV)

Deaths: (15) Podkit, Ivytail, Sedgewhisker, Sunstrike, Oatpaw, Raggedstar, Crowfrost, Brackenfur, Quickpaw, Nightcloud, Driftkit, Leopardstar, Rainflower, Russetfur, Snowfur.

Ashfur didn't stop running until he was deep inside the forest. Ivypool's scent was long gone, and Snowfur's blood had dried on his muzzle and paws. He stopped to catch his breath, and collapsed in a panting heap on the earthy forest floor. Tears welled up in his eyes. Why had he killed Snowfur? Why had he helped Ivypool? Why did he *love* her? He couldn't believe it. He had fallen in love with his enemy. And he had killed her best friend in the Hunger Games. Ashfur wanted to kill himself.

"You're nothing to me, Ashfur! You killed my best friend! You're a *MONSTER*!" Ivypool had howled after him. He couldn't get her face out of his mind. Tears streaming down her cheeks, tail lashing, bruised body, blue eyes blazing in anger and hatred. And bloody wounds. Gashes and gashes of bloody wounds that Ashfur had done. What *had* he done to her? Now she would never love him. Not even close.

Ashfur staggered to his paws. He clawed at the ground, tearing out chunks of soil and grass with his claws.

But sooner or later, he began to realise he had to find shelter and forget about Ivypool. At least for a while. He slipped off his leaf package and peered down at its old contents. The borage leaves were crumpled and torn, and the vole was squished and smelled bad. Ashfur felt angry at himself. His thrust the sharp rock hard down onto the ground. Frustration pulsated through him. Sweat dripped down his bloody face. He couldn't keep himself together. He had been chosen for the Hunger Games and believed he could win. He couldn't even look after himself. He felt like yowled out loud, but he knew enemies could be near.

Ashfur pricked his ears and listened for prey. There was nothing. Tigerstar *had* said things would get harder... But there was something- the relieving sound if running water! Ashfur packed his supplies away, slipped the loop over his head and picked up speed, heading toward the sound.

Soon enough, Ashfur felt himself standing at the edge of a slow flowing river. It looked strange, almost oily. Ashfur shrugged away the thought. He knew he had to get all this blood off his body even before he started drinking. He dipped a paw into the water, the thick liquid soaking into his fur.

Ashfur shrieked as a stinking pain shocked on his paw. He drew it back. It was throbbing in pain. He yowled as he tried to shake off the burning pain. It was like a bees sting! Or his paw was on fire! He examined his pads- they were bright red, pulsating with pain. Ashfur tried to stop his fast beating heart, slowing his breath. Finally, when he was calm, he tried to put his paw down onto the ground. He winced, quickly lifting it back up. With the scent of infection, he would never be able to sneak around unnoticeably.

Ashfur sighed, unwrapping his leaf package. The vole didn't seem to be in good shape, but he was starving. So he sank his teeth into the vole's foul flesh, pressing down the urge to pull away. He needed to eat. The disgusting meat spread a revolting taste across his tongue as he forced himself to swallow it. Twisting away from the half eaten fresh-kill, he scanned the line of trees. Growling, he dug into the firm dirt and buried the dead vole. It's rotting scent would give him away.

Too late.

A rasping chuckle made Ashfur's insides flip. "Well, well, well. It's the killer!" Ashfur spun around. The fur along his spine stood on end. Before him stood Oakheart. His light amber eyes glittered triumphantly, and his sleek brown fur was ruffled and bloody.

"You killed Snowfur! She was my mates' sister!" Oakheart growled. "And you're going to pay the price!" He snarled, leaping onto Ashfur. His furious screech ripped through the air as he grabbed Ashfur's pelt in his claws and three him backward. Ashfur

scrambled up and hurled herself at the matter tom, claws slashing, jaws tearing. He jumped on him and raked his belly with thorn-sharp claws. Shrieking with pain, Oakheart gave a hard kick, sending Ashfur flying back next to the edge of the deadly Black Water. Oakheart pinned him down.

"I'm sorry! I didn't *want* to kill her! I-I had to!" Ashfur yowled. It *was* true. He knew Oakheart was stronger than him, and he would kill him if he could.

"That's no excuse! You're a killer, Ashfur! And I'm going to make you feel what it's like!" Oakheart bared his fangs.

"I won't die by you! Just please, give me a chance!" Ashfur wailed, feeling salty blood rise in his throat as Oakheart pressed his claws harder onto his neck.

"Pleading won't help you." Oakheart loomed over him. Scraping up all his courage and strength, Ashfur reached out and clawed Oakheart's bloody muzzle. Yowling, he leapt off. Ashfur watched in horror as he rolled toward the edge of the river. The brown tom clawed at the earth, trying to regain his balance, but failed. Oakheart lost his grip, and shrieked as he fell into the deadly liquid. A gurgle and a couple of bubbles escaped to the surface of the water as the brown tom sank to his death. Seconds later, a booming thunderclap silenced Oakheart's life forever.

Chapter 11

(Cinderheart's POV)

Deaths: (16) Podkit, Ivytail, Sedgewhisker, Sunstrike, Oatpaw, Raggedstar, Crowfrost, Brackenfur, Quickpaw, Nightcloud, Driftkit, Leopardstar, Rainflower, Russetfur, Snowfur, Oakheart

Cinderheart turned away from the fading, starry image in the sky. Snowfur and Oakheart were dead! Now there were only seven other contestants other than her.

"How sad that Snowfur is dead." Lionblaze murmured behind her. Cinderheart turned around and gazed into his green eyes. She nodded.

"We should get some sleep." She replied, retreating into the hollow tree.

Lionblaze followed her, and they curled up together. Cinderheart licked his shoulder lovingly and drifted off into a peaceful sleep.

"Help! Help me!" A loud bloodcurdling shriek split the frosty morning air.

Cinderheart's head shot up, and she pricked her ears. Lionblaze had already leapt to his paws and bolted out into the clearing. Cinderheart gasped as she stepped out next to him. Everything was covered in glistening, white snow, and more snowflakes were falling to the ground. She sneezed as one drifted into her open mouth.

"Help me, please!" The yowl echoed in Cinderheart's ears. It belonged to a she-cat!

She swung her head into the direction of the sound and ran towards it, Lionblaze at her heals.

Cinderheart burst through the snowy ferns, gasping at the sight. A

light brown cat was squirming in the grip of a huge hawk! But the hawk wasn't normal size- it's sharp talons weren't normal either. The only thing keeping the tom alive was a silver she-cat clinging on to one of its wings.

"It's Onestar and Silverstream!" Lionblaze told her, having to raise his voice over the screeching of the hawk.

"We have to help them!" Cinderheart yowled, leaping onto the other one of the wings. It's sticky, bloody feathers were as ruffled as the rest of the large bird. But it wouldn't let Onestar go- it had the tom grasped tightly in its claws, digging its talons in the bleeding cats pelt. The hawk twisted around, trying to flap it's battered wings. Silverstream slipped off with a screech, thudding into the deep snow.

"Lionblaze!" Cinderheart called, struggling to hold on to the hawk. "Help me!"

To her relief, Lionblaze sprang up onto the hawks back, digging his claws into its neck skin. The hawk cried out in pain as Lionblaze clawed at its back. It lurched forward, causing Lionblaze to yowl out in alarm and topple off. Cinderheart scrambled up further, ignoring the bleeding, stinging scratches in her face. She felt one eye blinded by blood; from a scratch on her forehead. Gathering all her strength, she dug her teeth into its thick, feathery throat. The hawk thrashed about, throwing back its large head. Cinderheart held on tight until felt its sour blood filling her mouth. The hawk let go of Onestar, and the light brown tabby tom lay in the snow, motionless. Lionblaze leapt up again, pulling Cinderheart off by the scruff of her neck.

"We're safe," he panted, streaks of blood running down his face. I knew I didn't look any better.

"Not yet," Cinderheart replied, glancing up and at the huge creature. To her surprise and horror, it wrapped its talons around the silver she-cat! Silverstream yowled weakly in terror, but she was too limp to fight back.

"No!" Cinderheart yowled, attempting to leap to her rescue.

"Don't, Cinderheart! It's too late!" Lionblaze pulled her back. Tears dripped into the blood red stained snow as she watched the hawk carry Silverstream's limp, broken body away into the clear blue sky, soon disappearing in the swirling snowflakes out of sight.

"We couldn't have saved her," Lionblaze nuzzled her, his dull green eyes filled with sadness, but showed no signs of tears. Cinderheart swallowed back more salty tears and nodded. She turned to the brown tom, lying limply in the snow. The snow around him, however, was bright red from blood flowing from countless deep claw marks from the hawk. Onestar's breathing was shallow, and his amber eyes were looking lifeless already. A distant boom of thunder announced that poor Silverstream was dead.

"Cinderheart, I've got to kill Onestar. He's half dead anyway, and it'll put him out of his suffering." Lionblaze turned to her, towering above Onestar's crumpled body. He looked up at Lionblaze, and coughed, splattering blood around him.

"S-Silverstream... is d-dead, isn't sh-she?" He managed to splutter between splatters of dark blood. Lionblaze nodded. Onestar rested his head on the snow.

"I can't kill him. I may not like him, but I could never bring myself to kill a cat in this position!" Lionblaze squeezed his eyes shut, looking away and sheathing his claws. "I'm sorry. I just can't do it!"

"We can't leave him here to die!" Cinderheart gulped. She wouldn't kill him unless she had to. This is real! She thought, I have to kill him! For my sake, and his. Taking a deep, shaky breath, she stepped up to him. Onestar's eyes were half closed and the blood hadn't stopped flowing. She raised her claw and slit the toms throat. Almost instantly, Onestar went limp and his eyes clouded, now glassy. A rumbling thunder sounded as Onestar's spirit stumbled to his legs.

"Thank you," he nodded to Cinderheart. She felt sorrow rising in her stomach as his ghost flickered, and faded until he was gone completely. Her legs trembled. She had just killed Onestar!

"I'm proud of you, Cinderheart." Lionblaze brushed his tail along her

flank. Cinderheart nodded, realising how cold she was. Snowflakes were clinging to Lionblaze's golden pelt, and he was shivering. Their breaths were clouds of mist, visible in the icy air.

"We should get back..." Cinderheart murmured, shooting one last glance at Onestar's body. Then she followed Lionblaze back to their den.

This is one of my favourite chapters, I don't know why. It doesn't make much sense. Well, I hope there aren't any mistakes in there! Tell me if you find some!

Chapter 12

Sorry for the wait! I just want to say, thank you soooo much for 90+ reads! Love ya!

(Ivypool's POV)

Deaths: (18) Podkit, Ivytail, Sedgewhisker, Sunstrike, Oatpaw, Raggedstar, Crowfrost, Brackenfur, Quickpaw, Nightcloud, Driftkit, Leopardstar, Rainflower, Russetfur, Snowfur, Oakheart, Silverstream, Onestar.

Teams: Lionblaze, Cinderheart, Ivypool. Dawnpelt, Ashfur.

Ivypool lay curled up underneath a large willow, letting the splashes of morning sun dapple her silver tabby fur. She shivered as another snowflake settled in her fur. She was too tired to lick it off. Yesterday morning it had started snowing. Today, it was already midday, and it had not stopped snowing once. The air had grown five times colder, too. She had watched the death announcements, which were barely visible through the thick, swirling snowflakes. Although she knew she had to find prey, she felt weak and ready to freeze to death. Finally Ivypool persuaded herself to get up and hunt.

Ivypool tried to ignore the wet snow sticking to her belly as she crouched near a skinny mouse. It might not be much, but it had to be enough to full her empty, growling belly.

She pounced, claws out. The mouse squeaked limply as Ivypool's paws crushed its spine. She killed it with a simple bite and carried it back to the willow.

Ivypool was still hungry, but she had to keep moving to keep herself warm. Suddenly, a two familiar scents washed against the roof of her mouth.

Cinderheart and Lionblaze! They wouldn't hurt her, would they?

Ivypool ran toward the smell, her sore, frozen pads aching as the sank into the snow.

"Lionblaze! Cinderheart!" She yowled, jumping out of the tall, frosty grass. The two cats spun around.

"Ivypool! Thank StarClan you're okay!" Cinderheart stepped up to her. "You look hungry."

Ivypool nodded. "My supplies burned."

"They burned?" Lionblaze asked.

"Yeah. My den caught fire. Snowfur saved my life." Ivypool tried to stop the salty liquid rising in her eyes as she remembered Snowfur's death. That feeling was soon replaced with anger and hatred for Ashfur. He really had a nerve; telling her he had a crush on her after killing her best friend!

"You poor thing. You can come with us! We're travelling to keep warm. Although we have no idea what we're going to do if we don't hunt soon." Cinderheart meowed, and Lionblaze nodded.

"Thanks," Ivypool muttered, following the familiar ThunderClan cats.

Ivypool stared at the huge ravine ahead of them. It was a large rip in the ground; she couldn't even see the bottom!

Cinderheart shuddered beside her.

Lionblaze lifted his head toward the gaping hole. "I smell something!" He growled, fur bristling.

"Prey...?" Cinderheart suggested. But Ivypool knew the way the large tom was acting that it was no good news. The fur along his spine stood on end, his tail was fluffed up and a menacing growl escaped his mouth as he flatted his ears against his head.

"Dawnpelt and Ashfur!" He hissed.

Ivypool gulped, unsheathing her claws.

Sure enough, Ivypool spied two blazing pairs of eyes in the shadowy, snow encrusted ferns. A snarl made Cinderheart jump, and the cream-tan she-cat leapt out of her hiding spot, followed by Ashfur. Lionblaze clawed at her while Dawnpelt clasped her jaws around his tail. The two cats wrestled, Cinderheart and Ivypool not hesitating to leap onto Ashfur.

Ivypool raked her thorn-sharp claws across Ashfur's muzzle, drawing fresh blood and re-opening old wounds. Cinderheart toppled backward with a screech as Ashfur shoved her off, looking up at Ivypool.

"Please-" he stuttered. Ivypool shook her head. She leapt onto him raking his shoulder. Soon, she had the weak tom pinned down. She could see countless wounds on his battered body. Ivypool drew in a tight breath and dug her fangs into his throat. She felt his warm blood filling her mouth, but clamped down harder, tearing at his throat. Ashfur thrashed and yowled, blood spilling from his mouth. Ivypool didn't release her firm grip until he went limp and a boom of thunder echoed through the air. Ivypool let go of his neck, watching his spirit get up. I'm sorry, he mouthed, tears running down his face. For a split second Ivypool felt guilty and sad, but pushed away the feeling as Ashfur's spirit faded away, leaving his body.

A furious shriek tore through Ivypool's jumbled thoughts, and she swung around just in time to see Dawnpelt and Lionblaze tumble off the cliff of the ravine!

"NO!" Cinderheart screeched, dashing to the edge. Ivypool shot forward next to her, watching the two cats twist and thrash in the air as they disappeared in blackness. "NO! This can't be happening!" Cinderheart yowled, tears streaming down her face. A sob shook her shoulders. "No..."

A thud echoed from the bottom of the ravine, followed by two close-together thunder rumbles. Dawnpelt was dead, taking Lionblaze down with her.

Cinderheart's legs trembled and she collapsed. "I can't do this anymore! I can't live with myself!" She sobbed in agony. Blood was

pouring from her wounds, and the pain of Lionblaze's death must be killing her. Ivypool tried to think of something to say that would comfort the grey she-cat, but her mind was blank. To her horror, Cinderheart scrambled weakly to her paws and flung herself into the ravine!

"Cinderheart, no!" Ivypool screeched, lunging out to wrap her jaws around the scruff of Cinderheart's neck. But the she-cat squirmed in her firm grip. She was too desperate. Terror clawed at Ivypool's belly as the heavy she-cat slipped out of her grasp and fell to her death. A clap of thunder rang in her numb ears after the dull thud of Cinderheart's body.

Ivypool was frozen to the spot, eyes stretched wide. She imagined Dawbpelt, Lionblaze and Cinderheart's bloody, broken bodies at the rocky bottom of the ravine.

She didn't even get to say farewell! Ivypool couldn't hold back her emotion this time. Salty tears sprung out of her eyes as she burst into tears.

Writing this chapter was so sad omg. I have a feeling this whole story isn't making sense! But I'm guessing people like that, because I've almost reached 100 reads! Thanks so much, again!

Chapter 13

Hey guys! Guess what? I've reached 100 reads! Thank you all so so so so so much !

Edit: (25/8/16) thanks so much for 15k guys I can't believe it! I'm going through all my books atm and I'm cringing really hard but ily!!!!!

(Ivypool's POV)

Deaths: (22) Podkit, Ivytail, Sedgewhisker, Sunstrike, Oatpaw, Raggedstar, Crowfrost, Brackenfur, Quickpaw, Nightcloud, Driftkit, Leopardstar, Rainflower, Russetfur, Snowfur, Oakheart, Silverstream, Onestar, Ashfur, Dawnpelt, Lionblaze, Cinderheart.

Ivypool got to her paws, dried tears and blood on her face. Her sleek fur was ruffled, ragged, dirty and bloody. Her paws were sore, her fresh wounds stinging and one eye was a little bit swollen. She limped to the ferns, curling up in the snow, trying to keep out the cold as she watched night creep across the sky.

The billion twinkling stars winked at Ivypool from above. But Ivypool knew that it wasn't StarClan watching over her. They were normal stars. Grief flooded over Ivypool. To her surprise, the death announcements tonight weren't just the four dead cats from today- it was all the twenty-two cats.

Firstky Podkit, then Ivytail, followed by Sedgewhisker, Sunstrike, Oatpaw, Raggedstar, Crowfrost, Brackenfur, Quickpaw, Nightcloud, Driftkit, Leopardstar, Rainflower, Russetfur, Snowfur, Oakheart, Silverstream, Breezepelt, Ashfur, Dawnpelt, Lionblaze, and Cinderheart.

Once the starry images had faded, Ivypool rested her head on her paws. But as hard as she tried, sleep wouldn't come. She kept seeing the dead bodies of Breezepelt, Silverstream, Cinderheart, Lionblaze, and Snowfur and all the others in her mind. She kept picturing the

terrible sights of limp, broken bodies and flowing blood darkening the white snow. Another tears trickled silently down her face. Why did this have to happen? Why did she have to be chosen for the Hunger Games? Tomorrow she would fight the remaining other survivor- Crowfeather. It may be the most dangerous fight shed ever be in. And possibly the last time she'd fight anyone while she was still alive.

Finally, Ivypool was too tired to keep her eyes open and alert. She fell into a light, nightmare filled sleep.

"Welcome everyone to the last day of the Hunger Games!" Tigerstar's voice sent shivers down Ivypool's back.

His image was in the blue sky, clear and loud. It had stopped raining, and most of the snow had melted, leaving only small wet puddles on the ground. Dew dripped from leaves, and the bright sun lit up Tigerstar's face.

"Today will be the final fight out of our two remaining contestants." The dark tabby continued. "Our survivors for this year are: Crowfeather and Ivypool!"

Ivypool heard cheers and gasps coming from the image in the sky. As the cheers died down, Tigerstar went on: "Crowfeather and Ivypool, I want you to step into one of the puddles near you. It will teleport you into the fighting area." He smirked, just as the image disappeared. Ivypool knew she had to do what he said. She would have to fight Crowfeather one way or another anyway.

She stood up and shook the tiny fern bits out of her dirty fur and stepped into a large dew puddle. Instantly, the water sucked her in. Ivypool felt water fill her mouth, nose and eyes, dragging her down and whirling her around and around. Finally, she found herself lying in a very shallow puddle. She leapt to her paws, immediately facing a growling black tom.

Crowfeather!

He was barely wounded, his fur looked groomed and the only bad wound he seemed to have was a deep gash on his shoulder. His fur

was caked in dry blood on some parts, and most of it didn't smell like his own blood. Ivypool gulped. Fear bubbled inside her and her messy fur fluffed up as she tried to appear bigger than the huge tom.

Crowfeather snarled, unsheathing his claws. He bared his teeth, showing off needle sharp fangs glistening in the sun.

Both tributes swung around as Tigerstar suddenly appeared bext to them in a puddle. His sleek dark brown tabby pelt was well groomed, and his yellow eyes glittered, matching his blood-thirsty nature.

"This is the FINAL BATTLE, everyone!" He called.

Ivypool suddenly realised that all around her were humongous, stretching screens filled with countless cheering cats. They were all cheering for her and Crowfeather!

"When I say go, I want you two fight like you've never fought before! There can only be one survivor!" Tigerstar yowled, loud enough for every cat to hear.

"Three..." Ivypool shivered at Tigerstar's voice.

"Two..." Crowfeather flexed his claws.

"One..." Tigerstar began to sink into the puddle before yowling, "GO!"

This is the last chapter before the final fight! I'm so happy I've reached so many reads! Sad news- I'm not going to update as often because I'm waiting for everyone to catch up. Sorry!

Also, one last thing: I'm writing a new, proper warrior cats book called Darkness! Please check it out!

Sorry about the long authors note and the short chapter!

Chapter 14- The Final Fight

Guys and gals, this is the moment we have all been waiting for- THE FINAL FIGHT! Who will win? Crowfeather or Ivypool? By the way, I've stolen a few good sentences from The Last Hope that I really liked. Credit goes to Erin Hunter.

(Ivypool's POV)

Deaths: (22) Podkit, Ivytail, Sedgewhisker, Sunstrike, Oatpaw, Raggedstar, Crowfrost, Brackenfur, Quickpaw, Nightcloud, Driftkit, Leopardstar, Rainflower, Russetfur, Snowfur, Oakheart, Silverstream, Onestar, Ashfur, Dawnpelt, Lionblaze, Cinderheart.

"GO!" Tigerstar screeched before he disappeared in the swirling water.

Ivypool turned to Crowfeather, suddenly feeling confident. Slitted eyes, her opponent attacked. Hooking his claws deep into Ivypool's shoulder, Crowfeather raked her spine with churning paws. Ivypool yowled in pain. She twisted free and slashed at him. The dark warrior ducked back, head low, and grabbed Ivypool's hind paw in his teeth. Biting hard, he dragged Ivypool onto his belly, then reared up and slammed his forepaws onto Ivypool's spine. Ivypool felt like her spine was crumbling as pain shot through her while body.

She heaved herself to her paws and turned to face Crowfeather. She leapt for the black tom. Swerving in midair, she landed a whisker away from Crowfeather's flank. As Crowfeather spun to defend himself, Ivypool smashed her paws into his side. Unbalanced, Crowfeather staggered and fell. Ivypool rained slashing blows onto his head, panting as she shook of warm blood trickling down her forehead.

Writhing away, Crowfeather struggled to his paws. He blinked blood from his blazing eyes and lunged furiously at Ivypool's throat. The ThunderClan she-cat lurched backward, only narrowly avoiding

his slashing claws. But Crowfeather was quick; as soon as he landed in the grass he pushed off once more, knocking Ivypool off her paws with all his strength. Ivypool desperately dug her claws into Crowfeather's belly and thrust him off. Ivypool jumped to her paws as her opponent struggled to regain his balance on the ground.

She flew at him, aiming for his throat. With a vicious snarl, she sank his teeth deep into Crowfeather's neck. She held on while Crowfeather thrashed and staggered and finally collapsed to the ground.

Ivypool kept hold of him as blood flowed onto the ground. When Crowfeather finally stopped twitching, she let go of his throat. She straightened up and watched Crowfeather's gaze go blank, her heart pounding hard, blood pulsing from her torn open wounds. She watched in amazement as Crowfeather's spirit rose up. He gave her a final, low dip of his massive scarred head and then faded away completely.

Ivypool backed away as shrieks, cheers and yowls echoed in her ears, forcing her to flatten them against her head. Her head throbbed, she was dripping with blood, and her whole body felt sore. Her legs were trembling, threatening to give way underneath her shivering weight.

"Congratulations, Ivypool!" Tigerstar howled over the cheering crowd of cats. As he spoke, thunder cracked the sky. Ivypool looked up as a bolt of lightning struck the old oak beside her. The tree exploded into flame. Smoke rolled over her and Crowfeather's body. Eyes streaming, chest burning, Ivypool struggled to see Crowfeather. As she peered through the smoke, the clouds opened. Rain started pounding on Ivypool's ragged, bloody pelt. The burning oak hissed and crackled as the fire faded and died.

Crowfeather was dead. Ivypool had won the Hunger Games!

"Ivypool, step into the nearest puddle. It will teleport you into our medicine cats den and our most experienced medicine cat; but not one, will take care of you and heal your wounds." Tigerstar's voice ripped her through her thoughts. Ivypool staggered clumsily into a deep puddle, trying not to gag as the the brown, swirling water

sucked her in, making her throbbing headache worse.

Ivypool appeared in a large, dimly lit area. A dark brown tabby tom with amber eyes sat opposite her. He had half his tail shredded off, showing pale, pink skin.

"I'm Shredtail. I'll be taking care of you." He blankly introduced himself. He beckoned her to lay down in the mossy nest while he treated her injuries. Ivypool nodded; not needing to be told twice to finally have a good nights sleep after nine days of nonstop murdering.

She carefully let herself down into the soft moss, not having to wait long before sleep washed over her like waves at the edge of a lake.

Soo Ivypool won! Slayy ~~ anyway, don't add this story to your archive yet! There's a few more chapters coming!

Chapter 15- The Final Interview

(Ivypool's POV)

Ivypool's stomach growled as soon as she was pulled out of her sleep. Her muscles were aching like crazy and her wounds still stung a little bit, but her fur felt clean and fresh, no dried blood. Her paws were itching to run around, but Ivypool felt too weak and tired to get up, so she lay in the soft moss nest, motionless.

"You're awake."

A gruff meow made Ivypool's body twitch in alarm. She instinctively unsheathed her claws and her muscles tensed. Then she realised it was over. She had won the Hunger Games. She relaxed, and forced herself to look up. It was Shredtail.

"I've given you a super rare, powerful herb that made you sleep." Shredtail told her. "You've been out for six days." He smirked at Ivypool's shocked face. "Don't worry, the herb has a secret that keeps your health up. Are you sore?"

Ivypool nodded, and panted as she struggled to her paws.

Her fur was groomed, glowing sleekly against her skin.

"My wounds! They're-they're almost all gone!" Ivypool gasped, looking at her body in the water reflection in a small pool. Where her injuries were before, all that was left were a few thin, pale scars. They'd almost healed, and fur was growing over them. Her silver-white tabby fur smelt good. Ivypool breathed in the lush, delightful scent of fresh lavender.

"It's about time for your final interviews. The Hunger Games aren't quite finished. We still have to deal with the dead cats..." The light brown tabby tom stood up. Ivypool's heart lurched. Terror clutched

her heart as she remembered Snowfur, Cinderheart and Lionblaze and the others.

"W-what are you going to do to them?" She asked him.

"You'll see." Shredtail turned and winked at her. "Come; Snowtuft is ready to style you for your final interview."

"Well, honestly, Ivypool, I really didn't think you'd make it." Snowtuft shook his head as Ivypool took a seat in the stylists cave, smirking at her mockingly.

"Why? Because you thought I was a soft, loyal clan cat?" Ivypool snarled, anger bubbling up inside her. How dare this mangy Dark Forest fleabag talk to her that? Snowtuft backed away.

"Think again!" Ivypool unsheathed her claws. She felt full of energy. And anger.

"Sorry. L-let's just get you ready for the interview..." Snowtuft mumbled. The skinny white tom turned and grabbed a handful of ivy vines.

"The same style from the first interview?" Ivypool asked, eyeing the thin green leaves.

"Why not? Got a problem? Talk to Tigerstar about it!" He growled sharply I reply. Ivypool shook her head hastily, trying not to seem weak and afraid. She wasn't looking forward to seeing the evil leader at all. Him and Snowtuft could go and die in a hole for all she cared.

"Cats of all clans! I have summoned you all here today, for it is the final interview of the Hunger Games! For those if you who do not know yet, the winner is... Ivypool of ThunderClan!" Tigerstar yowled, his yellow eyes gleaming as the cats below him erupted into cheers.

"That's your call! Get up there!" Snowtuft hissed in Ivypool's ear. Ivypool swallowed and stepped out into the night. Fake, starry wind whisked through her groomed fur and rustled the ivy leaves. The clans cheered even more; they rose to the paws and yelled things at

her which she could not understand. The icy wind sent shivers down her spine as she strode confidently toward Tigerstar. She settled down next to him and wrapped her tail neatly around her paws. Tigerstar lashed his tail to silence the yowling cats.

"ThunderClan is the winner of this years Hunger Games! Bramblestar will claim the new part of his clans territory in two days." He nodded to Bramblestar and Squirrelflight sitting by his left side.

"Thank you." Bramblestar meowed firmly, but Ivypool could see fear and hatred in her leaders amber eyes.

"Ivypool, how did you feel when the first ThnderClan death, Brackenfur, happened?" Tigerstar sneered.

"I..." Ivypool looked up at the starry night sky, wondering if the dead tributes were watching her right now. "I guess I felt sad for him. He was a great friend."

"Thought so. What about when your secret lover, Ashfur, killed your best friend? That was quite an interesting thing to watch."

"Ashfur is a monster. I hate him. When he killed Snowfur and saved me, I knew I would hate him for the rest of my life." Ivypool replied as she felt sorrow and fury boiling inside her as she remembered Ashfur standing over Snowfur's body.

"That kind of thing doesn't happen every year! What were you feeling when Lionblaze fell into the ravine, and Cinderheart jumped in after him?" Tigerstar locked his narrowed eyes on her.

"I felt devastated. Like... all this was a dream, and that we were all home safely. I guess I just shut down for a minute." Ivypool shuffled her paws and looked down, the image of Cinderheart plunging into blackness still fresh in her muddled mind.

"How did you feel when you found out you and Crowfeather were the only ones left?"

"I couldn't believe it. I couldn't believe I'd gotten that far. I thought I never had a chance," Ivypool shuddered, "of winning the Hunger

Games."

"Well, was that the same feeling when you killed Crowfeather and won the Hunger Games?" Tigerstar asked.

"Of course. I felt like it wasn't really happening!"

"That's what we hear from a lot of our winning tributes in previous years. You clan cats don't know that you're capable of killing cats. What are you expecting your family to do when they see you again?"

Uh oh, Ivypool thought. "I really don't know. I don't know whether they'll be happy or mad that I'm a killer." That was the truth.

"I'm sure they'll be proud." A grin was plastered on Tigerstar's face. "Well, Ivypool, congrats on winning!"

Ivypool dipped her head to the large, dark tabby.

"ThunderClan, RiverClan, WindClan and ShadowClan, return to your territories." He yowled over the now excitedly chatting cats.

"Wait!" Ivypool's heart thumped as the word came our of her mouth.

"Yes, Ivypool?" Hawkfrost turned sharply to let his piercing blue eyes lock on her. Tigerstar flicked his tail to make the clans sit down again. He stared at her.

"I, um, just wanted to know..." Ivypool gulped, "what happens to the dead tributes?" She felt all eyes on her.

"Worried about your soft clan cat friends, are you?" Hawkfrost taunted.

"Shut your mouth, Hawkfrost!" Tigerstar snarled at his son, and Hawkfrost backed down, glaring at Ivypool.

"They are killed."

Ivypool pressed down the urge to shriek, *NO! You can do that!*

But she knew she had no chance.

"Problem, fleabag?" Hawkfrost sneered, but this time Tigerstar didn't stop him. His icy, cold yellow eyes glared at her.

"If-if I go into the next years Hunger Games, will you let them go?" Ivypool stammered. She shivered as the words left her lips. Did she really just say that?

Gasps exploded from the crowd of cats. Tigerstar stared at her in surprise, his jaw hanging open.

"If she wants to, father, let her die next year! It'll be sensational!" Hawkfrost pushed in. Tigerstar shot him an annoyed look, but nodded.

"Alright. Cats of all clans, welcome Ivypool, our first tribute of ThunderClan for next year!" Tigerstar yowled as the cats below burst into cheers. "But why would you save the cats from other clans?"

"Because they all deserve it." Ivypool answered confidently.

"But that will mean they can still be chosen for the Hunger Games next year. Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Well then." Tigerstar shrugged. "Fine with me." He nodded and flicked his tail dismissively. "Farewell! See you all next year!"

The cats rose to their paws and padded toward the dark lake.

"Go on. Go with your clan." Hawkfrost hissed in her ear as she padded toward the exit. "But next year, you won't have the luck. Next year, you'll *die*. I'll make sure of it!"

Ivypool flung around and swiped her !paw toward him with unsheathed claws. She backed away, sneering as she watched him shake off drops of blood oozing from three deep scratches on his muzzle.

"Maybe so. But at least I'm not a disloyal, mangy flea-pelt like you." She spat back viciously. Hawkfrost tried to leap at her but Ivypool dodged and bolted toward the dark lake. She plunged into the water, ignoring the icy liquid soaking her fur.

She was finally home. And she had just saved the lives of twenty-three cats. A smile tugged at the corners of her mouth as she felt herself slowly being teleported...

Chapter 16

My last chapter! Whoop whoop!

(Dovewing's POV)

"Ivypool!" Dovewing yowled across the ThunderClan camp clearing as she recognised the familiar pelts push through the thorn barrier. She hasn't been able to been there for her sisters final interview, but she was watching it in Jayfeather's water puddle.

Ivypool bounded up to her sister, Cinderheart, Lionblaze, Brackenfur, Snowfur, Ashfur, Bramblestar, Squirrelflight and heaps of orher ThunderClan cats.

Dovewing nuzzled Ivypool and rubbed against her, purring.

"I can't believe it! I can't believe you *won*! And you saved the tributes!" Dovewing blurted out. "Please win the next Hunger Games!"

"I can't promise that. But I have a year! And we're safe! *And*, we have extra territory!" Ivypool comforted her, but Dovewing felt worry clouding her mind.

"Plus, look! We have ancient cats living in ThunderClan now! Snowfur and Ashfur!" Ivypool shivered.

"Ashfur is a killer. Why would Bramblestar let him live here?" Dovewing asked, flashing the dark grey tom a suspicious look.

"It was part of Tigerstar's deal. What else would have happened to him?"

"I guess..." Dovewing mumbled.

"Ivypool!" Lionblaze called.

"Ivypool, I want to thank you! You saved out lives!" Cinderheart

interrupted.

"I couldn't have let you die!" Ivypool dipped her head.

"Cinderheart and I couldn't have been together without you." Lionblaze licked the grey she-cats head affectionately.

"Ivypool!" Snowfur darted up to Dovewing's litter mate, followed by Brackenfur. "Thank you so much! I've just met the best friend I could ever have!" She rested her bushy white tail on her new friends shoulder.

"It's good to have you back, all if you. Wait..." she turned to Ashfur. The battered tom was eyeing her sadly from the medicine cat den. His wounds were the worst. Ivypool broke off, and to Dovewing's surprise, she padded over to him. They spoke softly, nothing that Dovewing could understand.

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the high rock!" Bramblestar yowled, watching his cats form a crowd beneath him. As the chattering died down, Bramblestar continued. "As you all know, Ivypool has won the Hunger Games and we have received extra territory." He raised his paw to silence the excited cats. "Also, our tributes have returned to live with us!" Cheers erupted from the clearing. "But," Bramblestar hung his head low, "only because Ivypool has promised to return back to the arena next year." Gasps of horror replaced the cheers and Bramblestar dipped his head. "I know you will all make our new ancient StarClan members of ThunderClan feel at home. Ashfur and Snowfur!" The two StarClan cats stepped forward letting their gazed drift across the crowd of their new clan mates.

"Welcome back, Cinderheart, Lionblaze and Brackenfur! And of course, Ivypool, the brave she-cat who brought back our tributes. Including the contestants from different clans, too!" Bramblestar finished, his amber eyes glittering as more yowls of congratulations exploded from the gathering cats.

Dovewing turned away from the leader as he began organising patrols. She couldn't bear losing her sister again. There was one in a hundred chances she would survive again. Suddenly, an idea

flashed in Dovewing's head. It frightened her, but she had to risk it. For her sister. For ThunderClan. For all she cared about.

THE END

IMPORTANT

Guys, the second Hunger Games book is officially out! Its called *Let The Hunger Games Begin* . If you enjoyed this book, I highly recommend you read it.

Thanks!